6 STORIES.

THE SOLDIER'S CHILD. THE MURDER. THE JEWESS AND THE CHRISTIAN. THE BRIDESMAID. THE LIEUTENANT'S BRIDE. WOMAN'S LOVE.

105.

THE SOLDIER'S CHILD.

by H. Symmes.

"My father died," said Hamilton, "when I was an infant, and I was left to the care of my mother; who, by carefully managing the small property that remained to her, was enabled to live respectably, and give me a good education. My father had been a clergyman; and before I could speak, my mother destined me for the church. The progress I afterward made in classical literature, gave my fond parent sanguine hopes that I would one day adorn that sacred and honorable profession. But I entertained an aversion to it I have since been surprised at. Military glory was my darling passion. The histories, of these glorious climes of battle and of song, which my studies led me to peruse, served little to allay it; and my enthusiastic imagination soon erected a pillar of fame, which the doughtiest hero either of ancient or modern times might be proud of. This ardor was fanned into a flame by a gentleman of my mother^ acquaintance proposing the army as a better field for my exertions, and more likely to suit my inclination. I need not tell you how my heart beat, when he tendered his influence to procure me a pair of colors; or how my mother, with a pale cheek and faltering voice, hastily but gratefully refused the offer. Alas! she loved me too well; but, wrapped as I was in selfishness and ambition, I wept through despite and bitterness. I saw not that her whole existence was wrapped in mine,—in

me,—who became her murderer? —Nay," continued the narrator, as a dark flush crossed his brow, " you need not start. I did not kill her,—I only broke her heart! In my sixteenth year I entered college, where I spent some time with tolerable assiduity and credit, till I contracted some intimacies that gradually led me into expensive follies.

These were soon too much for the scanty allowance my mother could afford me. I applied for fresh supplies, which I received with earnest entreaties to be frugal, and hints, which, though not explicit, might have been sufficient to convince me that my mother was straitening herself to support my extravagance. But, alas! neither these, nor the religious and moral principles which had been carefully implanted in me, could enable me to resist temptation. I spent an entire night in a gaming-house, in too many of which Dublin abounds. I rose the next morning from the table, without a farthing, and in debt to a considerable amount, for which I was obliged to give up my watch, and some articles of value. In an agony of mind which I cannot describe, I walked down the southern road, without knowing whither I was going.

The whole of the previous night's transactions, and the journey of some hours the following morning, are like a blank in my recollection, or rather like the lurid remembrance of some horrible dream. The first thing that awoke me from this state of mental stupefaction, was my overtaking a regiment of Highlanders, then on their march for Cork, where they were to embark for the Netherlands. It Was a. beautiful morning in the spring of 1815. The 'sun was shining bright, and their arms and accoutrements were glittering in his rays. The waving plumes, martial dress, and military music, soon dissipated the clouds of despondency from an imagination young and ardent, and opened a long vista of glory. In a few moments, fancy had glided over the whole career, and restored me, high in rank, and covered with honors, to my native village, to my mother, and to my friends. The first step to this ideal promotion was easily obtained. In a few minutes I had the honor of being enrolled a private in the 79th Highlanders; and before my

arrival at Cork, was fully equipped in the garb of the warlike Celts. I need not detain you with an account of my dull and uninteresting life, after our arrival in Belgium, previous to the memorable fight of Waterloo.

With the occurrences of that day you ore all well acquaint d, and my kind friends here have often enough listened to the narration of my own hair-breadth 'scapes.' Though the feeling is natural, I have been too fond of pointing at the only bright spot in the blank of a nameless existence. The night before the battle, I was pacing backward and forward, a solitary sentinel at one of our outposts. There was a weight in the midnight atmosphere, that spread an unwonted gloom over my soul; and the thoughts of a widowed, deserted, and heart-broken mother assumed the place that high wrought romance was wont to occupy. There was a silence throughout the whole of our army, which formed a striking contrast to the loud shouts of the enemy, as they passed the night in carousing around their watch- fires. I should not, perhaps, call it silence, and yet it was something like it,—but not the silence of sleep. The stem and sullen sound with which the word and countersign were exchanged,—the low but deep tone in which the necessary orders for the following day were given,—the sigh of contending feelings in the soul, which almost resembled the groans extorted by bodily pain from the wounded—were oil still more audible than the distinct clang of the armourer, and the snorting and prancing of the steed, and shewed that all around was waking watchfulness and anxiety.

About the middle of the night, I received a visit from a young man with whom I had formed an intimate acquaintance. He was the only son of a gentleman of large property in the south of Ireland ; but having formed an attachment to a beautiful girl in bumble life, and married her against the will of his father, he had been disinherited, and turned out of doors. The youth had soon reason to repent of his rashness. His wife was beautiful, virtuous, and affectionate; but her want of education, and entire unacquaintance with those polished manners, and little elegancies of life to which he had been accustomed, soon dissolved much of the charm which her beauty and

artlessness had at first thrown around him. After struggling for some time with poverty and discontent, he enlisted in a regiment of heavy dragoons; and, being ordered to the continent, left his wife, with an infant daughter, in a wretched lodging in London. Chance brought us together in Belgium; and a similarity of tastes soon produced a friendship.

" Depressed as I was in spirit myself, I was struck with the melancholy tone in which, he that night, accosted me. He felt a presentiment, he said, that he should not survive the battle of the ensuing day. He wished to bid me farewell, and to entrust to my care his portrait, which, with his farewell blessing, was all he had to bequeath to his wife and child. Absence had renewed, or rather redoubled, all his fondness for the former, and pourtrayed her in all the witching loveliness that had won his boyish affection. He talked of her, while the tears ran down his cheeks; and conjured me, if I ever reached England, to find her out, and make known her case to his father. In vain, while I pledged my word to the fulfilment of his wishes, I endeavored to cheer him with better hopes. He listened in mournful silence to all I could suggest; flung his arms round my neck,—wrung my hand, and we parted. I saw him but once again. It was during the hottest part of the next and terrible day,—when, with a noise that drowned even the roar of the artillery, Sir William Ponsonby's brigade of cavalry dashed past our hollow square, bearing before them, in that tremendous charge, the flower of Napoleon's chivalry.

Far ahead even of his national regiment, I saw the manly figure of my friend. It was but for a moment. The next instant he was fighting in the centre of the enemy's squadron; and the clouds of smoke that closed in masses round friend and foe, hid all from my view. When the battle was over, and all was hushed but the groans of the wounded, and the triumphant shouts and rolling drums of the victorious Prussians, who continued the pursuit during the entire of the night—I quitted the shattered remains of the gallant regiment in whose ranks I had that day the honor of standing. The moon was wading through scattered masses of dark and heavy clouds, when I

commenced my search for my friend. The light was doubtful and uncertain; yet it was easy to keep along the track that marked the last career of Ponsonby. Shuddering, lest in every face I should recognize my friend, I passed by, and sometimes trod upon, the cold and motionless heaps, where Rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent,' now looked so unlike the ' fiery masses of living valor,' that a few hours before had commingled with a concussion more dreadful than the earthquake's shock.

Although I at first felt a certain conviction of his fate, I afterward began to hope that the object of my search had, contrary to his prediction, survived the terrible encounter. I was about to retire, when a heap of slain, in a ploughed field on which the moon was now shining clearly, attracted my notice. Literally piled on each other, were the bodies of five curassiers; and lying beneath his horse, was the dead body of my friend. You may form some idea of my astonishment, on finding, by a nearer inspection, that his head was supported and his neck entwined by the arms of a female, from whom also the spirit had taken its departure; but you can form no conception of the horror I felt, at beholding, in this scene of carnage and desolation,—in the very arms of death, and on the bosom of a corpse, a living infant, sleeping calmly, with the moon-beam resting on its lovely features, and a smile playing on its lips, as if angels were guarding its slumbers and inspiring its dreams!—And who knows but, perhaps they were!

The conviction now flashed on my mind, that these were the wife and child of my unfortunate friend; and the letters we afterward found on the person of the former, proved that I was right in the conjecture. Driven aside by the gales of pleasure or ambition, or by the storms of life, the affections of many may veer; but unchangeable and unchanging is a true heart in woman. 'She loves, and loves for ever.' This faithful wife had followed her husband through a land of strangers, and over the pathless sea,—through the crowded city and the bustling camp, till she found him stretched on the battle field. Perhaps she came in time to receive his parting sigh, and her

spirit, quitting its worn-out tenement of clay, winged its way with his, to Him who gave them being. With the assistance of some of my comrades, I consigned this hapless pair to the earth, wrapped in the same military cloak; and enveloping the infant,—this dear child of my adoption,— in my plaid, I returned to the spot where our regiment lay.

" But it is time to bring this melancholy story to a conclusion : and there are some circumstances I would rather only glance at It had been my good fortune, in the course of the day, to attract the notice of an officer of high rank, to whom, toward the evening, I was able to render an essential service. I was advanced to the halbert on the spot; and the kindness of my patron did not cease, till, shortly after my arrival at Park, I was presented with a pair of colors. In the pride and joy of my heart, I wrote home an account of my good fortune to my mother, and employed the interval that elapsed before I could receive an answer, in picturing my return to my native village, through the thronging comrades of my school-boy days, and flinging myself into the arms of my delighted parent. Soon, too soon, I had an answer from home. My heart sunk in me as I broke the seal. It was black,—the emblem of my future lot. My mother was dead,—had died heart-broken!

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THE MURDER.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

by WILLIAM WALLACE.

" Ah! the eagle must soon become wearied with the little bird of the forest, and his wings will no longer overshadow it," said Yantee to her white lover in that metaphorical style, which, perhaps, the fervid imagination of the red man as well as the paucity of his language compels him to adopt; " and," the

beautiful girl continued, " the braves of the forest will then scorn it."

"Never! never!" exclaimed the person, to whom the above was addressed, with a startling vehemence. " Never! while the rivers run, the wilderness puts forth its leaves, or yonder sun glitters in his sky !"

The girl, as if satisfied, leaned her head upon his bosom, and he, again and again, pressed his lips to her dusky, though most lovely brow.

This conversation occurred many, many years ago in the great wilderness of the West. Simple as it was, unregarded by the world, if overheard, as it would have been, yet effects flowed from the passionate words of these forest-denizens which altered the destinies af hundreds, and gave a peculiar character to the history of a populous state.

Charles Grayson and his Indian girl were wed. In a few days they left the tribe to which she belonged, and were soon comfortably settled in a hunter's lodge on the extreme verge of civilization.

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Years flew by; and the settlement had already assumed the badges of civilization. The gems of art and agriculture were glittering on the ruins of the wilderness, and prosperity emptied her horn of plenty over the land.

As accounts of the change reached the East, hundreds flocked to the clime of promise, and among them one who to personal beauty, the most exquisite, added these graces of metropolitan refinement and education never surpassed, and but rarely equalled.

Mary Alton was the belle of her city. Her father had, in the vicissitudes of the times, been suddenly reduced to comparative poverty, and like many others in a similar situation, turned his face westward. Bitter was the

struggle in Mary's heart when she became acquainted with her parent's failure, but more bitter still when she saw the necessity of his seeking out a new habitation. It is hard for the young and sensitive to leave a home hallowed by a mother's memory, and the angel-like associations of childhood. But the young, too, are hopeful The rainbow sparkled out upon the bosom of the cloud; and Mary Alton, with a cheering and radiant smile, consented to depart. Oh ! smiles of the beautiful do ye not speak of a sunnier world?—a world where the fountain of tears is forever sealed by the seraph of happiness, and grief lies buried beneath the fadeless bower of joy!

And the two, father and daughter, hid adieu to the crowded city for the solitude of a far-distant wilderness.

If Mary's charms were all powerful in the East, they were not the less attractive in her new home. She was the toast, the worshipped beau ideal of the young hunters. Her name cheered their hearts, and fired their eyes amid the dangers and privations of the life which their lot often compelled them to lead; for, even yet, the emigrants of that region were frequently dependant on the chase for subsistence.

Among Mary's admirers one was particularly conspicuous. His name, Henry Segard, was an honored one. He had more than once saved the settlement from the dreadful tomahawk, and rescued many a captive from their border foes.

The only rival, in prowess, to young Segard was Charles Grayson. Fate seemed to have pitted them against each other from boyhood. Yet, strange to say, they were friends, despite of intense ambition, and the intrigues of their respective followers. There was a rumor, indeed, that they had sworn friendship. But the oath, if such had ever been made, was soon to prove valueless. There was one master passion whose mighty arm would shiver the holy bond and overturn forever the sacred altar.

Henry Segard was the accepted one. Oh! how his heart thrilled when, arm in arm, he and his beautiful betrothed wandered through the majestic old woods, beneath the silvery stars, and surrounded by all the sweet influences of nature, whose lofty brow yet wore the unsoiled diadem of the lonely wild. How much do we lay down before the shrine of civilization! How much of the beautiful do we sacrifice! The mighty river is turned aside, the rippling stream dried up, and the lofty mountain stripped of its emerald coronal, which rustled in kingly magnificence around the marble summit. So let it be; such is our irresistible law.

In these walks, unseen as they imagined themselves, there was an eye on them—an eye dark and keen and sleepless.

A glorious evening—a twilight of North America— cloud on cloud, in crimson drapery and ruby gold clustering around the azure palace of the Hesperides! And Mary, in the still, solemn wood, keeps her tryst. The beautiful girt had been waiting but a few moments,—yet those moments were hours, and her lips murmured,

" Why comes he not?"

"He is here!" cried one, leaping from a clump of small trees, around whose delicate branches clustered the luxuriant tendrils of that small vine peculiar to the West.

"He is here!" he repeated; "one who loves you, who has long, long loved you—one whom you must love."

" Never!" and she recognized Charles Grayson. " Never? I have sworn it!"

"Am I bound by your unholy oath?" cried Mary, " I, the betrothed of another! Away ! away, sir! your rashness and villainy may yet remain undiscovered."

"Mary Alton," said Grayson, in those low, deep, half-articulated tones—which ever speak wild and uncontrollable passion,—"Mary Alton, I have watched you for months—I have watched you at noon, at eve, at night-—I have kissed the very flowers your fingers have touched—I have stood for hours on the blessed spot your feet have pressed—will you not? Cannot you return my love?"

Grayson knelt and suddenly seized her hand. Mary stood pale and motionless with fear and astonishment.

" Answer! I implore you," he continued.

" Traitoress! wretch!" shrieked rather than spoke Yantee, as she rushed into the scene, with a dagger brandished aloft—" Traitoress ! this—this will revenge the daughter of a chief!"

The knife suddenly descended, and would inevitably have proved fatal, had not Grayson sprang to his feet and struck the instrument from the hand of the infuriated girl.

" What means this?" and Henry Segard joined the group. "Grayson—Yantee—here! and that knife? Explain!"

He turned to Mary, who attempted to speak, but from tears and trembling was unable to utter a word. Segard, seeing her ineffectual attempt to answer him, turned to Grayson, and said,

" What, sir, do you here? What does that Indian girl here?"

"You—no one shall question me, What do you here? Ha! ha!" Grayson exclaimed, with a wild, mocking laugh; "you need not answer me either. Yantee!"

The girl gazed at him without replying. "Yantee! away!"

The girl silently departed; but after proceeding a few steps, turned around, and glaring upon Mary, exclaimed,

" Daughter of the pale face beware !" and the boughs soon hid her from sight.

Segard, finding Mary insensible, turned to his antagonist.

" Grayson, we shall meet again."

" Whenever you please," was the laconic, but bitter reply, and he strode firmly away.

Mary, in a few minutes having recovered, slowly and painfully answered the questions of her lover. When she finished, Henry arose from the spot where he had been kneeling over her, and said in a low, but firm voice, " He diet the death /"

"No! no! stain not your hand, Segard, the hand betrothed to me, with blood."

" I have said it," was his reply.

Silently they pursued their way homeward. Neither spoke. Thoughts of sadness with her—thoughts of revenge with him, were too busy for any conversation.

And Yantee still ministered to »he wants of her faithless lord. But there was a settled fierceness in her dark eye, at once strange and dreadful. Grayson, however, did not observe it. Like many others he underrated a woman's

heart, mind, and courage.

Brave men are too often imprudent, and Henry, notwithstanding his marriage should have produced caution, where it never before existed—was one of the number. He related the transaction, which we have described, to several of his companions—swearing revenge against Grayson. They, as usual, urged him on.

A few evenings after the scene in the forest, he carefully examined his hunting-knife and gun, and informing Mary and the family (he resided with his father,) that he should be absent for some time on a night-hunt, with some comrades, left the house.

But murder was in his heart, and he directed his course to Grayson's lodge. When about half way, he was met by Yantee, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight at the recounter.

" The brave of a pale face caresses a tainted fawn," said she. Segard felt the sarcasm, and replied in her own style.

"The fawn is pure as the snow on the mountains, and she scorns the Black Eagle." Such was the subriquet of Grayson.

" Ha! how knowest the brave that? A lie is on the pale face's lip, and his heart nurses the serpent of deceit."

Fire flashed from the eyes of Segard, but remembering, that the speaker was a woman, he scornfully smiled and replied,

"Would the fawn mate for life with the brave, did she love the eagle?" An indescribable expression passed over the face of Yantee, and she asked in a half-joyful, half-sorrowful tone,

"Has she?"

" Yes!"

" Will the brave swear it?"

"I do!"

"Tell her then, that, Yantee buries the knife. The white bosom of the fawn shall not bleed." The information of Segard relative to his marriage was a con-

elusive argument to the simple child of the woods, that, Mary did not love her husband. The Indian woman of those days never dreamed of infidelity in her sex.

"The Black Eagle shall no longer repose in the bosom of the bird. The blood of but one"—and here checking herself, she, after a few moments, continued— " Let the brave long nurse his fawn!" And then dashed off into the forest toward her home.

Segard slowly followed.

A week has rolled by since that night—a dreadful week—and the rough court-room of the settlement is filled with a dense throng. There, congregated together, you might have seen, the stalwart hunter in his picturesque dress—the merchant from the far, far East —the Indian in his sweeping blanket and braided moccasins ; and the attorney, who, even there, assumed the knowing look and professional swagger. Nor should we forget to mention the judge in his leggins and hunting-shirt.

Suddenly a silence as of death fell upon the motley throng. The clerk arose and read an indictment for murder, closing with these words which have

struck terror to the hearts of thousands—"Guilty or not guilty!"

The prisoner calmly arose, and in a deep, clear, unfaltering voice answered, " not Guilty!"

Courage still sat on the brow of Henry Segard—pale as it was with mental suffering.

The trial commenced. The state's attorney opened by informing the jury (though they knew it before,) that, they were to try the prisoner at the bar for a murder on the body of one Charles Grayson. He then went on to give the usual recital of facts connected with the affair, and wound up with the stereotyped phillipic of almost all gentlemen, holding his legal situation, against crime.

The witnesses were then called; and the testimony was, in substance thus :

Segard had left his home on the night of the murder, saying, that he was to join a hunt—that no hunt took place, nor had any been contemplated—that the prisoner had been seen going in the direction of Grayson's lodge -—that Grayson had been found stabbed and dead—that Segard had often been heard to threaten the deceased's life—that his wife had refused to speak on the subject, and was unable to attend the trial, owing to illness produced by grief—and that Yantee, the wife of Grayson, had not been seen or heard of since the night of the murder.

The cross-examination produced nothing worthy of mention, and the case here rested. After the argument of counsel, Segard attempted to rise and address the jury, but was dissuaded by his advocate.

And Henry Segard was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Oh! those awful thirty days! one by one the doomed wretch sees them glide

away—he counts every sun—he numbers every hour—he sees the eternity gradually approaching—at last the scaffold—dark and awful meets his quailing eye; the last hour is here.

We need not describe the execution—the first which had ever occurred in ——. Horror chilled every heart, and some shed tears. They remembered Segard'a bravery—frankness, nobleness, services, and they wept —those stern, iron-nerved hunters! The last moment has arrived:—Segard stood up, and in a voice, long remembered, exclaimed, " I am innocent!" He was urged to go on, but with a scornful smile said, " The brave do not fear to-day! I am innocent!"

He then knelt and prayed for his wife, father, mother and brothers.

" I am ready," said he in a firm tone, and the cap was drawn down—the word was given ; he, the young, the lion-hearted was a—corpse!

" Save him! Save him!" shouted a wild voice, and Yantee darted into the crowd. "Save him! Save him! the brave is innocent! I slew the Black Eagle!" The crowd recoiled in horror. " I," she continued—" I met him going to our lodge—he made the bird of the forest believe that the fawn loved not the Eagle—then I had only one to hate—only one to kill. I flew to the lodge —he was asleep—I stabbed him. The daughter of a chief," cried she, in a proud voice, and drawing herself up to her fullest height, "was revenged! I fled to my home," she continued,—"in the woods. I heard that the brave was to die for Yantee's deed. I flew to save him! Too late! Too late! The brave would have slain the Black Eagle, but mine—mine was the right to revenge!"

The girl overcome by weariness, grief and passion, sunk upon the ground—lifeless. The chord of life had been stretched too far, and it snapped.

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The above tale is true in its leading details. It is almost impossible to execute a person in the section where the melancholy affair occurred, and indeed the whole State has become proverbial for its injudicious mercy toward criminals.

Lawyers will tell you, that, Henry Segard, on the testimony, should have been executed. For my own part having read, at least once, the best work on evidence, I must agree with them. And now, reader, judge kindly of a tale of Circumstantial Evidence.

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THE JEWESS AND THE CHRISTIAN.

by J. T. Evans.

CHAPTER I .

Hi who has travelled on the high road of Lusa, cannot but have remarked that in the midst of that species of gulph that opens on the right side of Mount Cenis, there are erected some few very small cottages, thatched with straw, and that look so tiny and so frail, that they seem to tremble when exposed to the rude blasts of the north wind. It may be affirmed, that in the spot where they are located, the sun never gilds the rocks with his rays, and that the only appearance of animation that is given to the scene is that conveyed by the dull monotonous brawling of a brook, that seems to be enclosed in the mountains, and with difficulty forces its way into the lower regions of the plain. The ice and the snow constitute the sole covering of these steep rocks, and the barren earth is more ungrateful to the tiller than the rugged lands of Switzerland. It is desolate, but there is about it not one single feature of grandeur; it affrights the spectator, but does not fill his mind with awe. Such is the Novelese.

It was upon a certain evening in the year-, that there were observed upon one of the narrow and steep paths of the Novelese, two mules; they advanced with apparent difficulty. There was seated upon one of them a very old man, and in his looks might be remarked the pleasure with which he contemplated the barren prospect that was before him. Its sterility did not affright him by its wildness, and desolation seemed to be an enjoyment to him. Upon the other mule, there was a very young maiden, clothed in white, and whose limbs seemed to be frozen by the cold and bitter blasts that she encountered. She cast no glance around her; she seemed to be a stranger to the country through which she was passing, and its novelty had evidently no charms for her. These two were preceded by one individual, who was clad like a rustic, and over whose shoulders were cast the rough skin of a bear. Just as the travellers appeared, dark and reddish clouds covered Mount Cenis, and at the same time, a thin cold rain began to fall. The mules continued to advance, and their sweet-sounding bells were heard, until, at length, they stopped before a cottage, from which there soon issued an old woman, supported on the arm of a strong and athletic mountaineer. The old man then alighted, and he instantly went to help the maiden from her mule. The delicate creature was so exhausted, either by grief, or so transfixed by cold, that she could not move from her pillion, and they had to carry her in their arms, into the cottage.

" Rachel!" exclaimed the old man, " Rachel, my daughter, thou art now suffering; but the Lord will have mercy on thee. Hath he not delivered us out of the hands of Pharoah? Hath he not given us to drink of fresh water, even in the arid sands of the desert? I have saved thee, thee, my beloved one, from the snares of Ammon. Lift up, then, thy head, thou child of Israel."

The maiden made no answer; but she turned her eyes from the brook to the high summit of the Alps, and shuddering, affrighted, panting with grief, she showed in her look, and in her attitude, that she was about to fall into a paroxysm of despair; but then, in a moment afterward, an idea, as if it were vague, obscure, and half-formed, seemed to come to her mind; it warmed

her cheeks with blushes; her eyes shot forth brilliant glances; and her soft, low, and musical voice pronounced the single word, "Louis." It was uttered with a charm so ineffable, that as the Jew listened to it, his hands were clenched as if in agony, and the hoarse growl of despair was heard to issue from bis lips, as if torture alone had forced it from his heart.

In the small cottage, which had received the Jew and Jewess as guests, there might be observed an air of the greatest neatness. Two lovely infants played close to the fire, and, as they did so, they eagerly tried to bring warmth into the limbs of the hapless Rachel. Her father, Solomon, took the young mountaineer to a dark recess in the cottage, and then the two were seen to converse in whispers for a very long time.

The remainder of the day was passed in sighs, in tears, in counsels, in expostulations. The wild air of the rough . mountaineer contrasted strongly with the appearance of all else that was in the cottage; and it might be noticed, that every time the harsh tones of the mountaineer's voice were heard, a cold shivering made the white robes of Rachel tremble, as if the wind had blown upon them.

The last rays of the sun had already cast a crown of gold upon the pinnacle of Mount Cenis, when Solomon Levi again disappeared in the passes of the Novelese, for the purpose of proceeding to Susa, from which conveyances can easily be procured to Turin.

CHAPTER II.

Already a cruel month of feverish expectation had passed away. It was gone before Louis, who loved the Jewish maiden so dearly, and by whom he was as tenderly beloved, could discover her retreat. He had, however, discovered the neighborhood in which she was concealed; and, in order that his absence might not be remarked, he had stated to his attendants, that he intended for a few days to sport in the mountains. He set out then one fine

morning, With his fowling piece in proper order, and his horn well filled, and followed by two of his dogs. It is not necessary to ay, what was the direction that he took, or what his thought, his hopes, his desires, and liis wishes.

During that month—the month in which he was searching for her—how many days were there not of slow and cruel agony for Rachel! She, alas! had fallen into that species of paroxysm that, little by little, is sure to undermine health, and, eventually to destroy life. How often had the echo of these Cis-AIpine rocks repeated the beloved name of " Louis!" How often might the unfortunate maiden be seen, her hair scattered in disorder, and leaning as if from the summit of the mountain, and measuring with a haggard eye those abysses that Nature has dug out, as if they were so many vast graves yawning to engulph her!

Antonio, for thus was the mountaineer named, was, as if it were by a species of enchantment, always to be found near her, even in the moment of her greatest despair, and her most bitter sorrow. He placed himself between Rachel and every precipice that was beside her path; and then, looking at her, his hands clasped together, he seemed to supplicate her to live, and by a sort of smile which he gathered upon his lips, he appeared anxious to remove from bis face all that was lowering, and to put off those fearful impressions that his coarse and savage voice were likely to excite. There was in the man something so strange, that it was easy to comprehend that some emotion stronger than that of of pity characterised his conduct. Reared in the midst of the Alps, he had dreamed more than once of that happiness that steals on the soul, when one gazes in the face, and looks into the eyes of a beautiful maiden. He now ft It it, but he dared not to tell to Rachel what were his feelings.

How could he, so low, so foul, so base, and so obscure, presume to look up to the loveliness and the brightness that invested her, and that followed in her footsteps; her beauty that, in such a situation, rose, like a resplendent vapor, from a dark, dark valley. But then, if he could not give free vent to his

love, he could, at least indulge, in all its energy, and with all its strength, the hatred of the Jew against Louis. He cursed Louis; he hated the very thought of Louis; and when that dreaded, detested name was uttered by the lips of Rachel, then did his horny hand grasp, with a firm, deadly gripe, the dagger fastened in his belt.

Solomon had charged this man to watch Rachel attentively; and the manner in which he executed this duty, showed that there was a stronger motive for his conduct than the mere desire to please the father. The state of the young girl gradually became worse ; her sufferings daily were greater; and her heart was so full, that even the tears that she shed could bring to her no consolation, and in no wise assuage her sorrows. Like unto bodies deprived of life, and submitted to the voltaic battery, there was no pensive electricity to her, excepting one—the name of the Christian that she adored. To her every thing else was a mass of confusion—senseless, charmless, graceless, cold, -cold as ice. Already consumption, that disease as cruel and remorseless as it is insidious, had seized upon her, when Solomon, one day, came to tell her of the death of her mother, her excellent, her affectionate, her'beloved mother; and yet, she remained, on hearing this, like to one who has been stricken by a thunder-bolt; broken down—nerveless— her eyelids drawn back—her breath stopped, and incapable of uttering a single word. The Jew wept as he clasped her to his heart; he endeavored, but in vain, to reanimate her scattered spirits. He would have sacrificed all his fortune to save her from this frightful lethargy; but he would sooner have followed her bier, than wed her to a Christian. The hatred of fanaticism has no pity, no sensibility, no feeling, no remorse.

Time thus passed away, when, one fine evening, Rachel, sad and silent, walked along a narrow path that leads to the mountain of the Three-Lances. She had just reached a mass of shapeless marble, which witnessed the passage of the Alps, by Hannibal, when she suddenly stopped, and, raising her eyes to Heaven, she murmured forth sounds, that though they might be said to be inarticulate, still betrayed what was the secret , of her heart. The

house made by the crackling of some wild plants, as they were crushed beneath the feet of some traveller, first drew her from the meditation in which she was plunged. She looked—a piercing cry came from her lips—she could not move—she had to lean for support against the block of marble. Louis the Christian was at the feet of the Jewish maiden.

How can one draw an exact picture of that interview? It was on the one side, as on the other, joy, the very delirium of delight, the intoxication of supreme happiness. There were questions without end, and there were answers that were perfectly incoherent. They were insane with love, and it was necessary for both to resay a thousand times that.which both had a thousand times before repeated.

The moon had already begun to shed its beams through the thick foliage of the old oaks, and Rachel had not yet returned to the cottage! The mountaineer stood at the cottage door, and called her; but he called in vain. Never before that evening had she failed to answer him. He felt this, and then he bethought himself of the orders of the Jew, and of the fears which the father had expressed in their last interview. Instantly he determined to go in search of her.

Armed, according to the custom of the mountaineers of the Novelese, with a. broad cutlass, he bounded over the rocky torrent, and he climbed the ascent of the Three Lances, with all the agility of a chamois-hunter. The only thing that broke the silence that reigned around him was the rustling of the branches as he rushed along.

It was not until he had traversed a large portion of the mountain, that he thought he heard the sound of voices, mingled with sighs. Then, and not till then, his pace was stealthy. He proceeded silently, and at last he was able to see that Rachel was not alone.

The dogs of Louis started up suddenly, and their loud and vehement barking

could be heard far and near.

The two lovers, absorbed alike in their sorrow and their affection, seemed to be ignorant of all that was passing around them, when the mountaineer, who had contrived to conceal himself behind the block of marble, suddenly appeared, and, it could be seen, foaming with rage, while his right hand brandished his cutlass, which he presented at the breast of Louis. A frightful struggle took place. Louis in vain endeavored to make use of his fowling-piece; it was held by a more vigorous hand than his own, and, as he sought to free it from the grasp of the savage, he felt that he was wounded in the breast. He writhed with pain, and as he did so, the mountaineer's brawny arms grasped him as if he were a child, and bearing him to the edge of a deep abyss, hurled him down, the body crashing, crackling, and bursting, as it descended!

Rachel, clinging to the Mountaineer with all the energy that despair can give to weakness, sought also to precipitate herself into the gulph; but drawn back by the vigorous gripe of her lover's executioner, she was flung upon the bare face of the rock.

In a few moments afterward, nought could be heard near the place where the lovers had met, but the howling of the dogs as they scented the blood of Louis.

CHATTER III.

It was in the middle of the month of November in the same year-, in which the transactions already detailed took place, that the Lords of Savoy were summoned by order of his Majesty, the King of Sardinia, to examine into a case of great importance. It was in November that these senatorial Lords were to be seen seated upon their thrones of crimson velvet whilst there was brought before them Solomon Levi, the Jew, accused of the wilful murder of the Count Louis.

These senatorial Lords seemed alike to forget their character as Christians and as judges, when they beheld the unhappy Jew, heavily ironed before them. It was indignation alone that animated them when they gazed upon the Israelite surrounded by his guards, and, by a sad combination of human prejudices, even the crowd that was collected in the Court, shuddered as the unhappy man passed through. them, as if there were contamination in misfortune, and that a difference of creed could justify the obliteration of all traces of humanity. The accused was more calm, more cool, and more collected, than his judges, his accusers, or the auditory. He had that calmness that results from innocence and resignation.

Unfortunately for the Jew, he had arrived at the cottage, in which he sought a retreat for his daughter, upon the very evening that her lover Louis had been assassinated. Rachel, who had been carried thither by the fierce mountaineer, could not, when she arrived, recognise her father. She had lost her reason, and with it, the remembrance of the past. The Jew, however, observed that there were some drops of blood upon her dress, and, driven to despair, he asked what had occasioned this unlooked-for misfortune. The assassin stuttered out an explanation, namely, that he had found Rachel stretched at the foot of a rock, and at the same moment, he had remarked a hunter, who fled away through the passes of the mountain.

" Ah!" cried the Jew, " it was Louis—Louis, who must have discovered where I had hidden her, as I thought, from his sight and saying this, he turned to his daughter, and exclaimed, "Daughter of Jerusalem —gentle flower, whose tender head had been struck down by the tempest. I thought to have preserved thee pure from the Christian; I thought to have placed thee here as in a promised land, where thou mightest be saved from the hands of Pharaoh-." But he

could not continue, so much was his soul afflicted by the cruel spectacle that he gazed upon. All that night he watched by the pillow of his daughter, and

aided in his cares by the ancient female cottager. The mountaineer, on the contrary, hid himself in a comer of a cottage, keeping his blood-stained countenance carefully concealed beneath his cloak.

The next day Rachel had, in some degree, recovered her strength, and she was immediately removed to Susa, where the most watchful and tender cares were bestowed upon her. The same day, a shepherd, who was passing along the stream, discovered the dead body of Louis. It was frightfully disfigured from the fall; two dogs were resting beside it—the one seemed to be watching the first fatal wound that had been inflicted on his master, while the other was nestling close to that face, to which hitherto it had looked up with affection, and that had always repaid it with smiles.

In a few days afterward, the Hebrew was arrested at Susa, and he was dragged from the arms of his daughter to be plunged into the dark cells of the senatorial prison. Many attempts w'ere made upon the Jew to induce him to avow his guilt; but he withstood them with a firmness in which innocence when subjected to the agonies of the torture has often been found wanting.

At length, the Jew was taken from his prison to go through the forms of a trial, and to find that for one of his tribe there is no mercy. The sentence of the judges was already determined upon, although the proofs were defective, and the witnesses could state nothing certain.

All had been determined, even though Rachel was not yet able to utter a single word, and that her distraction was a negative proof of the innocence of her father. Her presence, however, in the Court was deemed necessary ; and she, too, was brought to the bar to assist at this last sacrifice to injustice. At. length, she appeared, and then pity—which seemed to have fied from the hearts of all —took possession of them, and asserted her supremacy. A murmur of compassion accompanied her on her way from the prison cell to the court-house. To look at her, so innocent, so pure, so

completely thoughtless of self, and, dressed, as she was, she looked in her white robes, contrasted with the blood-red robes of her judges, like an angel in the midst of the frames of purgatory. The change produced by this apparition was terrible. The hapless Jew made a movement, as if he would approach to her, but the chains—the cruel chains—with which his arms were bound, would not permit him to open them, in order that he might clasp his child—his dear, his only child to his heart He could not kiss his daughter, but his groans could be heard by every one.

She was asked several questions, but to none did she give any answer. She only waved her hands, and made some unintelligible motions with her fingers.

The judges then consulted for a moment, and the president arose to declare that they awarded the punishment of death to Solomon Levi, as one guilty of the wilful and deliberate murder of the Count Louis. Even as the sentence was pronounced, a noise was heard at the lower end of the court-house. Rachel shrieked, and then, with one bound, she was in the midst of the spectators, holding, as it were, with a grasp of iron, the mountaineer, who made many efforts to flee, and to disengage himself from her grasp.

" Here!" she shrieked out, " here—here is the assassin of the Count Louis—of my Louis! Ah, what has happened to me, wretched girl that I ami Methinks, I still see the dagger that this monster plunged into the heart of my beloved! I see the ruffian enclose my Louis in the embrace of death ! I see the villain bear him toward the precipice ! My Louis disappears,—and, now, all is darkness—all is obscurity—all is horror! My Louis fought valiantly, but this wretch—this miscreant—this tiger—drank his blood-And as she uttered these words, the Jewess was seized with the convulsions of death. She fell in the midst of the crowded court. She lay stretched before the eyes of all, lovely, beautiful, but as destitute of all the powers of vitality as the full ear of corn that the sickle has just stricken down. When they raised her from the pavement, their hands were cumbered with a corpse.

On the first of January, in the year--, there was a

large crowd collected around the principal gate of the city, for before it were erected two gibbets—one was for the Jew, and the other for the mountaineer.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

" Gerald Lorton! Gerald Lorton!" exclaimed a tall thin female far advanced in life, to a young man, who stood dauntlessly before her, " I warn you, as you are my son,—my first-born child—to shun the society of that dark-browed noble. He is a man of deep villainy and desperate designs; he fears neither God nor man; he loves not his country or his Sovereign; he regards not the laws of honor or the land: and, yet, you seek his society and his presence, to the destruction of all virtuous principles, and your present and future welfare."

"Nay, mother, nay," answered the son somewhat haughtily, " you love him not, and, therefore, you speak as a prejudiced woman speaks, without either knowledge or reason; but let me entreat you to go up to the Hall this once, and if he persists in speaking evil of his Sovereign, I will go no more."

"Go not, my child, even for an hour—not for a moment—to meet those desperate men; they will lead you on to ruin, and laugh you to scorn, when they see how easily you become their dupe, and embrace their rebellious designs. My son !—my Gerald !—go not!"

" Mother," was the answer, " I cannot stay; my honor—my word is pledged, and were I to break my faith with Lord Manvers, how should I dare to meet Emily again. I seek not Lord Manycre' society for his own sake, but that of his child. Mother, farewell!" and Gerald Lorton raised his plumed hat from off his fine shaped head, and, bowing lowly to his distracted parent, left the apartment and the house, to ride over to Manvers Hall.

Manvers Hall was an irregular building, composed almost entirely of stone, and situated down in a deep vale; and concealed from view by thick trees which grew around. A cascade fell between two lofty hills, and flowed into a small streamlet, which meandered through the domain, and, excepting where a natural pass presented itself from the summit of a grey frowning rock, Manvers Hall was inaccessible. Here it was that Gerald prepared to descend, and, leaping from his horse, caught the reins, and walked gently to the Hall, giving his steed to a groom, who was in waiting at the bottom of the pass. On entering the house, a range of doors met the eye on either side, and a chili air pervaded the whole, for it was then late in the month of October.

A door, somewhat larger than the rest, opened into a spacious room, hung with crimson and black velvet, and lighted by two immense chandeliers of brass, and placed over long narrow tables, which went partly down the room. A thick cloth was folded on the upper table, and here Lord Manvers sat reading a manuscript with great attention, and a smile now and then crossed his hardened and coarse features as he perused it Close to him sat a man enveloped in a large cloak gathered closely round him, and his dark visage shaded by a cavalier's hat and plume; but, although the feathers were large and heavy, they could not wholly conceal features of no ordinary cast, for on every line was stamped baseness and treachery so legibly that no one who looked on that stem brow could dream that any thing but deceit and villainy inhabited the soul. And so it was. That man was one who afterward played a conspicuous part on the stage of history as the odiously renowned Guido Fawkes;—a name which will be shuddered at by the virtuous in all

ages.

So deeply were the conspirators engaged, one with the manuscript, and the other with his thoughts, that Gerald Lorton's entrance was unheeded, until he advanced, and laying his hand on the table, exclaimed, " My Lord!" A dark scowl passed over Manvers as he.looked up, and said, " By my faith, Lorton ! I knew not you were here; business has cast its iron bonds around me, and I am intent on this title deed;" he added, folding up the scroll, " it concerns an estate left to Master Carlton, my nephew; and his interests are mine." Here the deceiver paused, and glanced seemingly at Fawkes, as if to know whether he approved this specimen of wily deceit, but Fawkes did not look up, and Lord Manvers continued, " Business is not for one so young as yourself;—go and find my daughter. We will require your presence again—but not now." Lord Manvers ceased, and gazed for a moment on Gerald Lorton's noble brow as he stood unsuspiciously before him, and he stepped forward te open the door, saying, " Lorton!—can I trust you?"

" Yes!" was the answer. " I would not betray you even on the scaffold!"

" Good!" said Lord Manvers, and he closed and bolted the hall-door. "Now, Guido," said Manvers, throwing himself back in his large arm-chair, " I know that stripling's courage, he can serve our purpose well. We must dupe him by stratagem; he already knows too much, for it was but yester-eye we heard Winter speak of destroying that heretic and his nobles."

"Trust him not!" said Fawkes sullenly, " he has a Protestant's eye, and I like not his open forehead, or his proud curled lip. By our Lady, I would not trust him !"

" Guido, he shall be told!" exclaimed Manvers, "mark me, he can serve me a good turn, or if I trust him not our purpose and intent will be frustrated. Zesmond is even now dying! Yes," continued Manvers, "and unless some one quickly supply his place, all is at an end."

" Well—what can that boy do!" asked Fawkes, impatiently.

" Much;—he must start for London to-morrow with money, to purchase the house my friends have taken, and also be the bearer of despatches to Catesby and Percy; and, above all, we must keep him from Emily, or, by my faith! young Harrington will not gain his bride, and he comes to-morrow."

"Ah! I see," said Fawkes, raising his dark eyes, " and she is the price of Harrington's share in this project—good. I approve your plot." And here the conversation ended. Manvers resumed his scroll, and Guido walked stealthily away.

During this conversation, a different scene was passing in a distant part of the building, between Emily Manvers and Gerald Lorton, who had long sought for an interview with his idol, and he now found her alone. "Gerald!" she exclaimed, as he entered the apartment, and arose to greet him; " Gerald, I have watched for you this long weary day, and now you are so late, and I am so miserable. Oh! Gerald— my heart will break," and she burst into tears.

"Emily, you are ill," he said, leading her to a chair, "or something has happened;—what can distress you?"

" My father," sobbed the wretched girl, " has betrothed me to George Harrington, and I love him not; yet he will not listen to me, plead as I will."

" By all that is sacred you shall not wed him!" exclaimed Gerald Lorton, " I will die before you are his bride. No!—by heaven! I will see him a cold corpse at my feet before he shall call Emily Manvers wife."

A flush overspread the pale cheek of the weeping girl as she gazed on the animated Lorton, but the knowledge that he loved her brought also the

conviction that she had yet a deeper wound to inflict. " Be calm, Gerald, I entreat—be calm; I have more to tell; my tale is not long, but it must be told, or else you cannot aid me. Gerald! listen, and then leave me to quiet reflection." The agitated young man paused in his hurried walk, which he had commenced up and down the room, and threw himself beside the beautiful girl, little dreaming that in a few moments more and his peace of mind was gone for ever. " Gerald, my brother—my dear friend," at length said Emily, with an attempt at calmness, "you know how I have trusted you,—you will not betray me now?" he pressed her hand,and she proceeded, "months since I went to reside with my aunt Lady Digby, and at her house I met the noble and elegant Lord Monteagle; he came day after day, and hour by hour, we sat together, Gerald; I know not how my heart was won, but, oh ! if maiden ever loved a being fondly, it is I,—and if there is a creature worthy of love, it is Monteagle. Now, Gerald," added Emily, as she covered her beautiful face with her handkerchief, " I have told my folly, but as my last request, I beseech you to hear me, and grant my prayer."

" Speak, Miss Manvers," answered Lorton, his whole frame convulsed with suppressed feeling, "speak—I will fulfil your wishes, if they cost me my life, for that is worthless now. I lived but for you—for you I will die; only tell me you look upon me as a brother, and, if I cannot claim a warmer feeling, yet let me cherish and deserve that one."

"It is yours—dear Gerald,' she said, "a sister's warmest love; but, oh! something tells me Monteagle is in danger. I know that my father is linked with desperate men, and he is Monteagle's sworn foe;—then, Gerald, I beseech you, if it is in your power, save him from destruction—save him, as you value the blessing of a sinful girl—save Monteagle from danger and from death. Gerald, will you do this? and all will yet be well," she passionately exclaimed, and uttering a fervent blessing on Gerald's head, the warm-hearted girl rushed from the apartment to seek the solitude of her own chamber,—but Gerald Lorton was an altered and broken-hearted man.

Two hours passed on, and he had not moved, when Fawkes glided in, and beckoned him to follow where he should guide. The traitor spoke not, but, pointing to a flight of stairs, urged Lorton down, and entered a long, dark chamber. There sat Lord Man vers, Winter, and Lord Harrington. A few set words were uttered by Lord Man vers, and the oath administered, but his victim neither saw nor felt the importance of their oaths. A smile played over his pale features as he grasped the pen, which added his name to that odious list, and as he glanced rapidly over it, and saw Lord Monteagle's name was not among them, the promise he had made to Emily crossed his mind, and he determined to save the young nobleman. The initiation was over, and the only son of a fond and affectionate mother had become a traitor and an assassin.

Daybreak saw Gerald Lorton on his way to London, with many good wishes for his safety and success, but disappointment had rendered him cold and callous. Desperate views entered his mind, and the last sparks of virtue and principle were quelled beneath the torrent of hideous thoughts and overwhelming reproaches which filled his tortured breast.

A fortnight passed on, and the day for completing the treason was close at hand, when, during one of those dark foggy days which visit England in November, a man, enveloped in a dark horseman's cloak, and shrouded in a black velvet cap, which almost concealed his face, walked hurriedly through the streets, and looked anxiously at each house as he passed along, seemingly distracted with care or anxiety, but evidently on some errand of more than ordinary importance. At length his walk ended, and he approached a magnificent mansion, and drew a letter from his pocket. " Give this to your master, Lord Monteagle, sirrah," said he to a valet, who opened the door, " instantly on your peril or evil will happen to you." The man stood a moment about

to answer, but it was too late—the messenger was gone, and he remained alone, looking down the long, dark street with the letter in his hand.

Creeping back through the city with a weary step and broken heart, the bearer of that letter at length reached a small miserable tavern on London Bridge, and, for a few moments, stood as if reluctant to enter, but he conquered his aversion, and asked the hostess for a room.

" The attic is good enough for such as you," said the Dame, contemptuously glancing at his splashed dress. " Go up, and see yourself."

The stranger mechanically obeyed her, walked up the narrow staircase, closed the door of a wretched-looking room, and sat down. A flood of tears fell from his half-closed eyes, as he laid his head against the dark wall, and, giving way to his grief, commenced a long prayer, drawing from his bosom a lock of dark silken hair, he pressed it to his lips. " God bless you, my Emily," he said, " and you, too, my poor mother. God forgive your unworthy son; but, oh! if ought can sweeten death, it is the recollection of one act of mercy. Yes—Monteagle is saved. I have saved him from death." Here the speaker paused, and looked for a moment on the point of his bright stiletto, then drew his finger across the blade, and plunged it into his breast. A stream of dark red blood streamed from the wound, and the once happy Gerald Lorton, the virtuous and the good, lay dead on the floor—a suicide and a traitor.

Need I add more, the contents of that letter are well known, the success of that plot, and its happy termination ; but if a thought shall come across my readers as to what saved the country from destruction, I will tell them—Woman's Love.

H. J. B.

pg. 120.

THE LIEUTENANT'S BRIDE.

by ILL Elf ASH TO If.

It was the annual ball at West Point. The room was elegantly decorated with flags hung in festoons, sabres formed into stars, and all the other paraphernalia of military glory. The floor was crowded with officers of the army and navy, of every rank, from the midshipman and cadet upward. The military band of the post occupied the orchestra. Never, perhaps, has there been assembled at West Point a prouder assemblage of beauty than that which then entranced the beholder. There were dark brunettes from Baltimore; golden-haired Hebes from Charleston; tall, stately beauties from Philadelphia; gay belles from the more ostentatious New York; and even the fair blonde daughters of New England, with their blue eyes, their clear complexions, their proud dignity of mien. But among that brilliant array there was one pre-eminently beautiful. Tall and shapely in her figure, she moved through the room with the stately motion of a swan, eliciting admiration from every beholder.

Her dress was simple, yet costly and beautiful. It was evident that the severest taste presided over the toilette of the fascinating Ellen Belvoir; for fascinating every one felt her to be who had listened, though but for a moment, to her gay sallies, or her subdued sentiment. Her every look, word and motion was grace itself. She possessed that rare combination of qualities which' constitutes the lady, in contra-distinction to the mere pretender. But it was not her manners alone that rendered her so. Her politeness was that of the heart. She was no mere automaton; she would have been equally as affable and kind had she been borne in a cottage. But alas! it was the misfortune of Ellen Belvoir to have been born of a noble family, and she had been brought up with high notions of the superiority of blood. In this originated a trait of her character which is shared by too many of her sex—a scorn for all who could not trace their lineage to an equally noble origin with hers. But now, surrounded by admirers, and excited by the

gay scene around, even Ellen Belvoir had for the moment forgotten her prejudices.

" Who is that elegant man?" she said to her cousin, during an intermission betwixt the sets, glancing toward a noble-looking officer in the uniform of a captain in the army, " he has been in tho room a full half hour, and yet he has not asked to be introduced to me. I declare," she added gaily, "I am quite piqued at his indifference."

" Ah! coz, you will make him repent of it yet," laughingly replied her cousin, " or I mistake your sex. But see, he is coming this way. He is an old messmate of mine, and I will introduce him—ah! Captain Stanley —glad to see you," and advancing from Ellen's side, her cousin grasped the hand of the approaching officer.

The salutation was warmly returned, and for a while the two friends were engaged in talking of the events that had transpired to each since they last met. At length, Stanley's eyes happened to fall on the Spiritual face of Miss Belvoir, and from their look of admiration her cousin knew at once that an introduction would be considered a favor. He accordingly presented the young officer to Ellen, and, after a few remarks, sauntered across the room, leaving his cousin and Stanley together.

What is so favorable to love as a gay ball-room? and what ball-room is so dangerous as that of West Point 1 Both Ellen and Stanley were soon lost to every thing except each other. They danced together and promenaded in company, until they become the objects of whispered though general remark. Before the festivities of the evening had terminated, it was universally gossipped about that the beautiful Miss Belvoir, and the hitherto heart-free Captain Stanley had fallen mutually in love. Some affected to sneer at it, some wondered how it did happen; but all agreed that the two were the finest couple in the room, and were admirably fitted for each other.

The gossip of a ball-room was, for once, right. Ellen Belvoir had passed three winters since her coming out without meeting with any one to subdue her virgin heart; but from the first moment she saw Stanley she felt a strange interest in him. His gallant bearing, his polished manners, his fine conversational powers, and above all a certain frankness of deportment toward her so different from the sickening flattery daily poured into her ears, appealed at once to her fancy, and soon subdued her judgment. She felt that Stanley was one to whom she could look up, and she knew that only such a character could possess her love. His eloquent tones vibrated in her ears long after they had parted for the night, and even in her dreams she saw his manly form bending admiringly over her.

Stanley had been equally charmed with his .partner. Years had elapsed since he had been appointed to one of the stations on the far west, and during that period he had been completely excluded from refined female society. He occupied the time in picturing to himself the beau ideal of a being such as he could choose for a wife. On his return to the east he had met many lovely beings, whose attractions his friends thought him incapable of resisting; but nearly a year had passed, and he appeared even less susceptible than on his return. He had sought in vain to realize his romantic dreams, and finding it impossible, was content to enjoy the reputation of a confirmed bachelor. Now, however, he thought he had met the divinity which he had so long adored in secret, for, in Ellen Belvoir, he fancied he saw every trait which he sought to have in a wife. As he became more intimate with the lovely girl, he grew more confirmed in this first impression; and, after a fortnight's sojourn at West Point, where Miss Belvoir had been passing the summer, Stanley became completely in love. Nor was Ellen less enamored of the young officer, whose gallant bearing attracted every eye, and whose services in the field had already won for him an enviable name. When, therefore, Stanley proposed for her hand, Ellen accepted it, for she was an orphan, an heiress, and already in possession of her property. It was arranged that the marriage should take place the ensuing winter.

The lovers at length parted, but only for two short months, preparatory to their marriage. Business called the lieutenant to Washington, while his affianced bride, accompanied by her cousin, returned to Boston, by the way of Albany.

It was at the close of a hot, sultry day that the carriage in which they travelled drew up at a neat public house, in one of those quiet villages which are scattered through Massachusetts. They had journeyed the whole day through the mountains, and the sight of the white inn, with its green Venetian shutters, and its pretty garden in the rear, all betokening the tidiness of the owner, was peculiarly refreshing to the travellers. The pleasant looking widow lady who met them at the door, increased their delight with the place.

" A sweet village, you have here," said the gentleman on alighting, as he followed the landlady to a small but exquisitely neat parlor.

"Yes sir, although it is small," answered the landlady—"it is rarely that we have many strangers visiting here, and so the place is much as it was in the days of our fathers."

There was something in the low, sweet modulated tone of the speaker which made the interrogator start. Surely that voice belonged to no common inkeeper's widow. There was that finish in the tones which is the surest evidence of a refined mind. His cousin seemed to notice this also, for when the landlady had retired, she said,

" Our hostess is certainly above the common order— one would almost think she had been born a lady and transformed by some malignant genius into a common inkeeper's widow."

" She is obviously a woman of education—perhaps some one whom distress has driven to this business for a livelihood. She has not always kept an inn,

be assured, coz."

" Still, nothing ought to have induced her to stoop to so degrading an occupation," said his fair cousin, her prejudices at once taking alarm, " there are ways enough in which an impoverished lady can obtain a livelihood, without resorting to the trade of an inkeeper. Pshaw ! coz, you are wrong, after all—the fact of her having adopted this business is a sufficient proof that she is no lady," and she gave a somewhat haughty toss of her head as she spoke.

When, after an hour's rest, they met at supper, they were ushered into a neat room, a door from which opened into an apartment beyond, apparently a bed room. This door was ajar, disclosing a portrait hanging our an opposite wall. The light in this inner apartment was somewhat dim, but Ellen could distinguish that the picture represented a young man in uniform, and a second glance assured her that the portrait was that of her affianced lover. She started, and looked again. But she could not be deceived. The broad brow, the searching eye, the whole cast of countenance was that of her lover. The landlady noticed her emotion with some surprise, and as she sat down to do the honors of the table, looked to Ellen for an explanation. Miss Belvoir, fearing that her agitation had been noticed, said.

" Pray, if not too inquisitive, may I ask whose portrait I see within there. It bears a striking resemblance to one I have known well."

" It is the portrait of my son," quietly answered the landlady, but a proud smile lit up her face, as if she was conscious of the worth of him of whom she spoke.

" And his name?" breathlessly asked Ellen.

" Edward Stanley," was the response, " he has been on the frontier for years, and but lately returned. His first visit," continued the fond mother, with

pride, "was paid to me, and on his departure he sent that portrait to me.

" Do you know where he is now?" asked Ellen, concealing, by a violent effort, the interest she felt in the reply.

"At Washington, I believe—ho wrote me about a fortnight since from West Point, stating that he should have to visit Washington soon on business. Is your tea, Miss, agreeable?" she continued, suddenly recollecting that, in her fondness for her child, she had forgotten the duties of her station.

Shall we picture the struggle that took place in the mind of Ellen that night after she had retired? Her cousin, little thinking of the effect it was to produce, had bantered her on her love for the landlady's son, and had thus aroused prejudices which only her Affection had hitherto kept down. What! should she, the proud, the gifted, the high born, wed the son of a village landlady? Long she lay and thought of it, and every moment her pride grew stronger, so that, although at first her love had struggled for the mastery, her pride of birth eventually came off victor. Perhaps she had never loved with that single-heartedness which is a true woman's j ewe l—but so it was—she rose, the ensuing morning, determined to break off the match with her lover. She resolved, however, not to apprize him of her determination until she reached Boston.

During the re#t of the journey Ellen assumed a gaiety of tone little in keeping with her real feelings. She made no confidant of her cousin, for it was a part of her self-willed and imperious nature to rely wholly on herself. But when they reached Boston he accompanied her to her residence, and on taking leave, said laughingly in reply to a retort of hers.

" Adieu, my sweet coz, and remember, when you are married, to buy the old inn in — — , as a sort of remembrance of old times."

The shot struck home. Ellen had renewed the struggle in her breast betwixt

love and pride, and the former had almost come off conqueror, when this unlucky retort of her cousin, aroused all her haughtiness. She had many good feelings, but she had lived so long in the world that she had become a believer in the truth of its maxims. What would her young friends say—she thought—if she married a landlady's son? She went into the house, and on the spur of the moment, wrote a dismissal to her lover.

And how did he receive it? More in sorrow than in indignation. He sat down and wrote a reply, in which he coldly notified the receipt of her letter. No unworthy regret did he breathe—no attempt did he make to change her determination. His love hitherto had blinded him to this trait in Ellen's character, but now it appeared in all its glaring deformity before him, and he renounced her, certainly not without pain, but without regret.

And years passed, and he saw and wooed another and a fairer bride. But Ellen never married. She repented too soon of her conduct. Perhaps others avoided her on account of her heartlessness toward Stanley, but from the hour of their separation she faded away as if some secret sorrow was at her heart. She lived to become what she most dreaded—an old maid.

Education. —The great business of education is to eradicate what is evil, and cultivate what is good; it is equally true in the world of mind as in the world of matter, that thorns and briers are a spontaneous growth, while useful plants require careful pruning and diligent cultivation. The analogy may still further be continued, for as with the culture of the earth, so with the mind, ibis process must begin in the spring of life.

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THE BRIDESMAID.

It was a sunny and cheerful May morning, and the season was as bright and as beautiful as the hearts and hopes of the young and lovely sisters, who, blushing in their bridal attire, were reclining on a rosewood ottoman in the drawing-room of a spacious colonnaded mansion that ornaments one of the most elegant of our metropolitan squares; and yet there was a spark of sadness that chilled and clouded the spirits of both: the severing of the intimacy, the companionship of years, for the first time, probably never again to be relinked—the unknown cares to be endured—drew tears from their eyes, as in silence they clasped each other's hands in a fond and mutual strain.

" Come, Louisa, you must not droop so; remember you are my bridesmaid. If you, my supporter, my confidante, fail and forsake me, who will cheer up my courage, and hand a white handkerchief to the Tragedy Queen I"

" You still will banter, Charlotte. Well, I am glad you can. We will not think—at least, not talk—of parting yet. Here stops a carriage, but not his — yours , I should say."

" Well, my Louisa, when the Exile from the East returns—the sallow reckoner of rupees and mohirs, then it will be my turn, and, believe me, I shall not spare you."

"Ah, Charlotte! a long voyage, the ocean and its storms, and hope deferred, make tho heart, very, very sick."

"You will be happy soon, my sister, and all your fretting will be no longer remembered."

Poor Louisa looked at her sister, her dress, her new ornaments, the ring, and deeply and hopelessly sighed.

The room soon filled with the invited guests; and favors, gloves, and ribbons,

flew and fluttered through the long and splendid line of equipages. A quarter of an hour might have passed away, and every carriage but one had received its freight of fashion, when a thundering and unceremonious peal on the hall door's brazen electric shock of nervous curiosity and alarm. A do-rapper, startled the veiled bride and her sister with amnestic hurried up the stairs, and met them on the landing-place.

" A foreign letter, Ma'am."

" Give it me quick!"

" No, Louisa, my love, oblige me, I will first open it and read."

"My God, that black seal! I knew, I knew it would be so all along. I dreaded it. I 'll go to him then; that no fete or power can prevent now. Read it to me, Charlotte; though, my heart, presaged it, already knows the contents. Poor, poor Edmund."

The characters of woe, which her trembling sister articulated falteringly, supplied painful proof to her strange, and, alas! too true forebodings. Her betrothed bad been some months dead in India; and his friend, who wrote the mournful communication, mentioned, that on the day that he last wrote to Louisa, scarcely an hour after he had impressed his seal upon the writing that gave delusive hopes, which bloomed only to be blasted, Death sealed his destiny with his most rigid imprint, and the sunset shone upon another grave of a new victim to the Asiatic pestilence.

The bridesmaid heard the letter read through and finished without a word, groan, or sob. Like a warrior, who, for an instant after the lance has transfixed him, stands sternly and proud, and fells not, she bore up one moment, and then sank back and fainted.

Oh! human happiness, how baseless, how tottering is thy structure. The

nuptials were postponed—the feast left untasted; and when the doctor arrived at the house, where " all things were turned to their contraries," he saw the lovely form of the pale and breathless girl supine upon the couch, and her sister, whom horror had rendered scarcely more life-like, bending over her, still holding m her hand the warrant of her fate. The most violent stimulants, the strongest and most powerful restoratives, were for a time applied ineffectually; but at last succeeded in bringing back consciousness, when she turned to her sister, raised the letter, and, pressing it to her temples, dropped one tear, large and agonizing, as if her brain had been scathed into weeping.

It would be a sad and painful task to endeavor to describe the rapidity with which this young and lovely creature sunk into decay. The blow was unerring, and she never rallied even for a moment The last words which she addressed to her sister were, " We must part my beloved Charlotte! I sink to rest—rest quiet and untroubled, where mournful tidings, and letters that bear news of death, will never again break my heart! Raise me, sister, till I listen; angels speak so low. I am sure I shall know him—-his spirit's robe cannot disguise him from me—so dazzling they shine, they pain my eyes; but I shall soon, soon close them for ever. Do not weep, my sister. Now, good bye! We have loved each other to the last!" and that night the gentle and beauteous bridesmaid closed her eyes for ever.

A Fiice Thought. —Could we open the secret history of those who have risen to eminence; could we survey their lofty purposes, their well-digested plans, the skill and energy which they employed; could we behold the obstacles they surmounted, we might better understand the true import of that appropriate adage, " Every man, in the hand of Providence, is the architect of his own fortune."